GOOD MORNING!

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN'S EN. JOYHENT.

The Weekly Story-Letter From Father Times No More Pozz'es Now Until the First Sunday in September.

Wild and Rough and I rec.

Eyes with mischief brimming o'erMischief flows from every p 153.
Trouble in his cheek's red glow.
Every dimple fraught with woeWild, and roough, and free.
Filled with flerce, demoniac 163.
Thus he stands, my darling boyStands and gribs at me.

Vain, to him, advice of age,
He alone the learned sage,
"Let old time his journey run—
This bright world was made for fun!"
Ah, who shall deny
The wisdom of this little man
Who howis his way across life's span?
Not I, alas! Not I.

I only pray that bitter tears
May not attend his later years;
That when the shafts of battle fall,
And sorrow spreads her gloomy pall,
And golden locks turn gray—
Amid the struggling cares of men
My untamed darling shall be then
As happy as to-day.
—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Jarev Dunn's "Intimate" Friends.

Jacev Bunn's "Intimate" Friends.

Everybody in Pawpawville says the rich Peter Kitts is stingy, and perhaps he is, three-quarters of the way around him. But I am anticipating. A long black scarf hung upon Uncte Timmy McComb's front doorknob, and people came on the steps and entered without knowner. On the door of the shop beside the house, only standing further back from the street, was written in red chalk, "Closed," and the windows had been washed, and the screwdriver and chisels, and dawled knives that usually hung in it had been taken down, and a newspaper curtain put up, Over the way, under the shade of the big sycamore that shaded the yard of the Monamental Works, a group of children had gathered to watch for the coming of Mr. Rumbley, the undertaker, who they hoped would arrive before school-time.

"Nobely was never kinder to me"n

they hoped would arrive bestime.

"Nobedy was never kinder to me'n Uncle Timmy," began Washy Fadgert, swinging his bare less hard to relieve ate feelings. "He was mon'sous bilain tur over tay bull; an' when I fell downstulrs with sis Emmy's ark o'animiles, an broke 'em turrible, he glued 'em sost they was good as new;" and Washy suddenty stoped, feeling the lump in his throat too big to manage.

good as new," and Washy suddenty stoped, feeling the lump in his throat too his to manase.

"He showed me how to make a splendid kite las' summer," pined up Joey Penrod, the son of the owner of the Montemental Works Joey's mother had died when he was an infant, and hard-featured Miss Hannah Penrod, his father's sister, had brought him up, as she said, "by hand." It was currently believed that the founch coming on Joey's back, and that kept him small and sickly, was due in some secret way to his being brought up. "by hand." "I didn't get at it on secount of my back, but I'm going to make one this summer. He looked furticely over his shoulder at the shed whence tame the "clink, clink, clink," of a hummer, and added, softly, "He wa'n't a bit like Father. He seemed to like to have little fellers around. I'm mighty sorry for old Marm McComb. Who all 'Il take care o' her an' little Sally now, I wonder."

"I reckon thur country li take care o' Marm McComb, "said the lanky girl, sitting apart, and holding a chubby haby of three on her knews. She had been wenting, and her eyes were swollen. "He under tur say th' country belt him 'n honor, beln' as he was a brave soldier, an' fit in thur war."

"Thur country!" echoed Joey, shrilly. "You don't know much, Janey Duan His pension was stopped has Jantary, an'

Thur country?" echoed Joey, slatility.

"You don't know much, Janey Duan, Hispension was stopped has Jantary, an I heard Doc. Shickles tell Mr. Soumans lest night as that was what killed h.m. Ye see he needed thur money pow'fal, an account of havin' a mografige out h is hoase, because of the expensiveness of Little Sally's paw's las' sickness. An' Doc. Shickles he said he helt it in from Marm McComb, she bein' so feesle, and Geef, an' it wo' into him like, till somethin' broke inside him, an' he died sudlist, like a clock stops what's troke."

"What's a mogridue?" demarded Janey, putting back the cloud of red curls that hum about her face.

"I know," said Sammy Padrett, the eldest boy present. "It's something you've got to pay whether you can or no."

"Yes, assented Joey; "and if thur noggidge man don't get his money he tokes thur house."

"He never shall!" cried aney, with such vehemence her little sister slipped out of her lap and began to whimper. "I say nobody shall have Uncle Traray's house but Marm McComb, He wouldn't no ways lie still in his grave. It's cacet tole me he no ways coulda't, of harm were a-comin' tur her or fittle Sally."

"What'll you'll do?" asked Washy Padgett, his round, freckled face lit up with mingled admiration and doubt.

"Something," said Janey, who had risen Her big brown eyes flamed spite of the tears that would brim over and roll down her cheeks. "I reckon I kin do something for my most intimate friend."

Just then the door of Uncle Timmy's house opened and a tiny girl of four came out. She wore no hat, but a cloud of pale golden hair hid her face. She had a tin pail in her hand, and went slowly on toward Mr. Sammis's grocery. Janey Dunn causht up her sister Hilly as if she were a bundle and hurried after her.

"Me an' Janey went urp to thur Christian Cambellite meetin' house las' year, Decoration Day," said slow Becky Sammis, when Janey and little Sally McComb had disappeared. "Uncle Timmy he said that would be a mishty fine spot tur view thur procession, and we went early an'

oration Day this year, an' thur won't be no mo' Uncle Timmy?"

The south wind sent oits of cotton wood down from the blotchy bole of the sycamore, and shook open the blossoms of the catalpa down at the corner shading the tiny brown house it, part of which Janey Dunn lived. Delicious scents drift-ed over from the next yard where reass and honeysuckles were opening; for Mr. Indiana's pocket. But a sudden chill and gloom had come upon the stroup; for Mr. Itumbiey's black wagon had come into view, and Uncle Timmy's this sign creaking over the way was no longer cheering, but seemed to say over and over. "tone, gone." Washy and Sam Padgett were out of right in a miture, deep Penrod slid down from his perce on toubstone, and the slow Becky rose. "We-alls on this street'll miss him, she such as the sub, in she intrined to go; "but I reckon dainey was his mos foundet friend to creac."

Janey's father had been killed by a prematurely exploded biast, when oaby Tilly was only six weeks old, and Janey's mother carned shelter and food for her children by working from morning till night in the overains factory. If we had been she could do, Wah Tilly in her arms Janey had wandered down to Uncle Timmy's shep, and he bade her enter. After a little he began to give her lessons. His pronunciation was peculiar; but he taught her to read, and then to spell, and he was quite at home in that branch, and could spell the longest word correctly with his eyes shut. After spelling had come scornapir's and arithmetic. Under Timmy was a born teacher. Certainly when Miss Bramball, the teacher in room No. 3, said Janey had, a voke that somehow went straight to your heart.

Now it happened that a year before the day just begun. Peter kills when driving how Loones street had heard Janey saiding "Annie Laurie," He wasn't a made on more to after the was his at the end and red, and has fat cheeks were fall of the purple veins, and he was cert big in the waist, and fat under his chin, but when he heard hard, she palied in the song, and before shing,

but she had been reared not to use favors. What Under Thunny had done that been freely bestowed, are was, she knew, for lover to ask Mr. Kitts to do what Under Invited Timmy had fulled to before overlaken by death, was an undertaking of which she qualled. But she knew that old Mrs. Medomb had no relatives, and that her deafness had set her apart, sand made her timid. Hers was a resolute spirit, and she had the mature thoughts of a child of poverty. At half-past four she was specifing down into the business streets, for she had no mind to seek out Mr. Kitts in his hig manion whose steps were guarded by green fron Hons, which she had once seen when on a Sunday walk with Uncle Timuy.

Remerus Doll, who had charge of the outer cafice, did not wast to abuilt her.

"Laws, sissy, Mr. Kitts can't put up wid no triflin' dis day. He can't so, is you wantin' to sell to kets?" he asked.

Fortunately, Mr. Kitts opened an inner door just at this point, and Janey darred at him, and past him. He frowned as be turned about, for there was a pile of papers upon his desk needing attention, and he ran his fingers through his fromgray balf so it stuck up in a really fightful manner. "Well?" said he, interrogatively.

"It's Uncle Timmy McComb's mog-

pers upon his desk needing attention, and he ran his fingers through his ironeray bair so it stuck up in a really frightful manner. "Welly said he, interrogatively.

"It's Uncle Timmy McComb's mogglige," she said, in a scared whisper. "You know Uncle Timmy's"—she paused, unwilling to say "dead," and added in the phrase she had heard bim use of a old comrade—"mustered out."

"Mr. Kitts took a chair and waved his hand, saying kindly: "Sit down. And, first, who sent, you here?"

"Nohody Nohody knows as I come. Nobody asked me. You see Marin McComb is 'filoted. She's deef's a adder, and's got a misry on account o' havin' thur alger, an' she never, no never can earn her keep; an' little Sally's, and Joey Penrod lows as thur country has stopped Uncle Timmy's pension what he got for his lame laig, an' that thur hole in his cheek, and Joey, he 'lows as Doc. Shickles says it plum killed him,' said Janey, in a breath.

"Who is Joey Penrod?" demanded Mr. Kitts, again frowning.

"The moniment man's son, sir, as has got somethin bad to pay with his back so'st he don't grow straight. He thought a right smart o' Uncle Timmy, Joey did: but thur wa'n't nobody on our street liked him aute friend. He usiter say I was,' and Janey retreated into the seclusion of her gingham bonnet.

Mr. Kitts roubed his hand over his bristly chin, and was silent; and after a minute Janey continued: "Maybe you don't remember me. I was a-singin' Annie Laurie,' and you give me a dollar, and Miss Bramhall says p raps I can earn money singin in thur meeting house when I grow up; an' I'd be willin' to do mos' anything to pay ye, if so be you can keep thele Timmy's house fo' Marm McComb an' Sally."

Mr. Kitts rose hastily and, going to a cuploard, found among the ledger and dusty inkbottles that crowded it, a bag of oranges. This he brought out, and as he put it into Janey's laj he said, in a voice Remerus Icell had never heard: "I know how you real swell had never heard: "I know how you feel, being his intimate friend."

Uncle Timmy's funeral will long b

and Gus Siebenmorgan's drum was muffied. Peter Kitts had been called out of the city, but he sent a sumptuous carriage "for the family, or intimate friends," Hemerus Doll said. But no one thought of askins Janey Duan. She walked, though the way was long and dusty; and when David Hannum had stepped upon the heaped-up clods above Uncle Timmy's heart and sounded upon his battered old war bugle the soldler's last good-bye, and the crowd melted away, she came forth from behind the poplar, where she was hidlen to weep, and laid her bouquet upon Uncle Timmy's grave. It was only catalpa blooms, but he would know it was the best she had, she told herself.

It was discovered down at Washington that a mistake had been made about Uncle Timmy, and the withheld pension was forwarded to "Mrs. Timothy McComb, widow of Ensign McComb, deceased." As for the mortgage, the Frairie Flower City Bank sent word it had been paid. Nobodly asked when, so it does not matter.

Janey's ziother no longer works at the everalls factory, but is housekeeper at the Kitts stock farms just at the Pawpawville city limits. Janey has made many new friends, for she can go to school steadily now, and is taking music lessons, and is training her vone; but every Sunday, rain of shine, she takes flowers to Uncle Timmy grave, and, next to her mother and Tilly, she loves Mr. Kitts.

"Why is he my Intimate friend?" she echoed, when asked by Becky Sammis the reason of her preference "Why-because."—The Independent.

HOW THE WHE : | BARROW WORKED

HOW THE WHE! | BARROW WORKED This is a Story for Very. Very Little People.

This is a Story for Very. Very Little

"Prople.

Charley Acre had the misfortune to be an only child. During the eight years of his life he had nover known what it was to share his possessions with anyone. The almost inevitable result, selfishness, was being developed in him to an abarming extent. So thought his mother, at least, as she tried to make plain to him the meaning of the golden text for the following Salblath, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Don't believe It," said Charley flutly, eyeing the new red wheelbarrow his father had just given him.

"Suppose you try it," suggested mother softly.

"What! give away somethins that really is my own?" he queried, taken aback at the mere thought.

Mother modded, "Yes."

Five minutes of silence followed, broken at last by a voice saxing dublously:

"Well, ma, there's my old wheelbarrow; course, it isn't like my new one, cause the paint is off some, and one sile's samashed. Still flave Machree would plae it, I know. He could carry the clams in it for his father from the pier to the house. I'll try it just this once, but if I'm sorry this lige, I never shall again.

"You won't be, I'm sure," said mother, with an inward prayer to the flesser of little children that He would lay his hands on her boy, and so expel the demon of seaf-breas.

A half hour later and a pair of red stockings was coming slowly back home from Dave Machree's. Yery scher was the face of their owner as he sat down to his bread and milk. Silently mother watched the cloud serile deeper and deeper on the face of the practical experimenter with the solden text. Redtime, and he turned to his mother, the taxe yery near the surface of the brown eyes, and said pealitively, but with a doleful ring in the voice.

the surface of the brown eyes, and said positively, but with a deletil ring in the voice?

"Mamma, it ben't true, and I knew it wasn't That was a very good wheelbarrow, after all, I could have used it rainy gays. I don't feel near so good as I did before."

"You will pretty soon," said mother cheerfully. "Don't you remember, when you were vaccinated, you had to walt three days before it becam to work? This may be something of the same nature, but it is sure to work sooner or later." Tystairs went the red stockings, and down they came again in the morning, with the elasticity apparently gone from the feet they encased.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon, Charley looked longingly after the troop of children leaving the school yard, then stared antagonistically at the spelling-book on whose account be was compelled to spend this extra half-hour of imprisonment. Supposing he had spelled "wheel" for "seal," and "barrow" for "sourow"—was that any reason why he should be cooped up a long half hour?

Half-past four, and he started on his homeward way only to see Dave Machree loom up in the distance, trundling the wheelbarrow filled with clams, from the pier to the house, How red the paint looked in the sun, and how little the broken side showed! Back started Dave from the house, this time with little Pote Machree on board as load. Charley drew nearer. The little crippled sunshiny Pete always smugged his way into the warmest corner of every ones heart. How delicatedly he was shouting between the "jounces" of the wheelbarrow."

"I love "oo, love Dod, love—ev'yone, cause—I'm in—dis here barrer."

Charley stopped short in the road. What was this strance new sensation.

chubby fists! What was that he was shouting between the "jounces" of the wheelbarrow?

"I love 'oo, love Dod, love—ev'yone, 'cause—I'm In—dis here barrer."

Charley stopped short in the road. What was this strange new sensation that thrilled and glowed within him' could it be he was glad he had given them the wheelbarrow? One good, long look at the little figures, from whose throats a shout of delight issued in unison as Dave started full run down the plet, and Charley made up his mind then and there that the golden text for next Sunday was true. Home, then, to proclaim that at last it had worked!

One hour later a small boy, very floshed as to face, very tumbled as to hair, and very excited as to speech, burst into the room crying gaspingly:

"I was just—starting, ma, to tell you—it was all—all true when Dave w-went too fast and stubbed his weel—I mean his toe—and Pete fell off the edge of—the—the pier into the *heelbar—I mean the water, and his fath—I mean water—till ha came."

Mother seemed to understand all about it, even if it was mixed—mothers most generally do, you know. That night as she tucked a very sleepy little boy into bed, he murmured drowsily;

"You see—I shall—try it—again, because I—felt"—And he was off to the land of Nod.—Anna M. Skinner, in the Sunday School Times.

Swedish Bribdays

Children in this country, however much they may enjoy birthday celebrations and gifts, are quite content to have them once a year, but the fortunate children of Sweden have three birthdays in the course of every twelve months. First, the most important, is the real birthday; but the other two are also occasions for

festivity and the presentation of small gifts. These two days are those whose names the Swedish boy or girl bears. For every day in the Swedish calendar has its own special name, besides the weekly name which it bears like the days of other countries.

Sometimes the parents give a child one name, which is not to be found in the Swedish calendar, so that there is occasionally a sorrowful plaint such as the one made by a little girl who explained regretfully to some English friends that she had "only two justedays," "One of my names is Sugard, she said, "and there isn't any day for that!"

she said, and there in t any day for that?"

Every day has a special name in the German calendar as well and some of the names, allowing for the difference in language, are the same in corresponding dates in the two calendars. The observance of such "namesake days," however, is not by any means so common in Germany as in Sweden.

To American cars the gift statement made by a little swedish girl who was asked as to the date of her birthday. The 15th of March, 23d of May, and 19th of November," has at first a deciderly strange sound, "Youth's Companion.

GLADSTONE'S BOYHOOD,

The Prettiest Boy on the Rolls of Eton Col-Leger

"All boys," says Dr. Holmes, 'free seven to seventeen should be brought in a barrel and fed through the burnown However this may be true of lones general, it was not so of little Glapston who was said to be the pretinest because the rolls of Eton College, if the children ever be said to be father of the man, was true of him. He was brave and set tie, industrious and conscientious, an above all religious at an age when, a cording to our doctor, bore very westralts are on top.

His aimost quenchless desire for knowledge has a funny flustration in a content of him when at home on a vocation frantic by his crazeloss questions, so one morning to Mr. Canaline, then a give in the boune, " do give this boy some

Fourth of July Notes.

Little Johnny Walker
Hought a half pound of powder.
He put it in a bottle
So that it would somet much louder.
He lit a fuse and stopped to see
If it had started burning.
Whence little Johnny Walker's gone
There is no more returning.

Mrs. Simley's Charley begged his man-ma for a penny.

She gave it to him 'stead of maning."

Dear, I haven't any?

But now she's sorry that she gave the money when he asked it.

For he bought a giant cracker and was brought home in a basket.

Oh, sweet and sympathetic was Marible Ann O'Hara. Of all the pretty children that you know of none was fairer. The doctor says her excessed might be saved for her in case a complication don't ensue—She lit a devil chaser

Jacqueminot.

Who is there now knows aught of his story?
What is there left of him but a name?
Of him who shared in Napoleon's Early.
And dreamed that his sword nod won him fame!

Ah! the fate of a man is past discountal Little did Jacqueminot suppose At Austerlitz or at Moscow's outfling. That his fame would rest in the Leaft of a rose!

Poster Transcort.

-Boston Transcript.

The Way They do it in Georgia.

"Marse John, he's de canerdate
An' I'se de man to vote.
So I'll call dar in de mornin'
An' strike him for a shote.
And Brudder Samuel, you jes' wait,
I'll be back in 'bout er hour;
Den you can call eround, you see,
En strike him fer some flour."
—Atlanta Constitution.

from Father Times,

Dear Children,—We will discontinue the puzzle column during these summer months resuming its publication on the first Sunday in September, not very far off after all, I shall be glad to have you write me from week to week and will publish the letters on your page. This week I have heard from many letter of Jackson, Louisa County, Va., Annie Martin, Waverly, Va., and Willie Roams, the winner of last month's prize.

If I am not mistaken, you will find your department to-day a very interesting one and you must let me know just what you think of it.

Hoping you are growing brown and strong from your out-of-door life during this season, and are laying up a fund of strength for the days when lessons must be taken up again, I am cordially yours, FATHER TIMES.